General Education Requirements

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General Education Requirements

by captaineifersucht

Summary

Due to his experience with a previous TA, Will Graham is nervous to ask for help when he must take a physical science course. When he begins to date a graduate student who is tutoring him, Will is reminded by Hannibal Lecter that comfort and stability aren't the only requirements for a successful relationship.

Set two years after Grade Point Average, Will struggles with the shame of his past decisions and current desires.

Notes

People wanted a sequel so here it is. I've never written Brownham before, but I've always dug the vibe of Matty worshiping Will. There'll be two chapters, most of the smut will be in the latter :)

Reflection

Physical science just was not Will's strong suit.

In order to earn a Bachelor's of Science in Psychology, Will had to have at least one semester of a physical science course with a lab. Beverly had guffawed at him when he announced his intentions to not pursue a BA. Her degree was in forensics biology, and in the past two years that they'd lived together, she'd seen the way that Will glanced at some of her textbooks.

Alana, Beverly, Jimmy, Brian, and Will all leased a house that was close to campus. While it was hard for Will to make friends, Alana had introduced him to Jimmy and Beverly in his second semester at Georgetown. He'd met Brian when they signed the lease. They were good, down to earth people who didn't pry too much and had interesting senses of humor. When they offered him a spot in their house, Will had accepted. Splitting the rent for a five bedroom home was much cheaper than paying for a single studio by yourself.

Even better, they allowed dogs.

Will began to doubt his decision to take the non-calculus based physics for his course as he sat in the very full lecture hall, glancing over his syllabus. He was good at math, and enjoyed the fact that physics was a very tangible subject. It would be useful to have this sort of knowledge, he rationalized. According to his peers, this was a very good subject to fill a general education requirement.

After the first quiz, Will felt entirely deflated. He moped on the couch, allowing Buster to rest on his chest while Winston--the stray that Jimmy and Brian had found during a bar crawl over the summer--lounged at his feet.

When Beverly saw him pouting and figured out the reason why, she almost cried with laughter. They went out for drinks and she told him about her experience in the Physics 1200 series. While not as hopeless as Will, she had struggled in the courses as well. Beverly recommended a tutoring center that was located within the physics building. Will was desperate for any advice and resolved to visit the room the following afternoon, before the next lecture.

The physics building was one of the older ones on campus. They were fixing some of the lighting on the third floor, leaving the ceiling bare, save for metal wires and ominous hanging bulbs. It seemed appropriate.

Will entered the room at the end of the hall, looking around. There were multiple TAs, some writing, some dawdling on their phones, and only one helping the sole student who was in the room. It was early in the semester. If he was lost this early, did that mean he was a goner?

He stepped up to a table in the corner, where one of the TAs was looking through their assigned lab manual. The man was about Will's height, slim but obviously toned. It had been

so long since Will had gotten any action that he couldn't help giving this dark-haired male a once over. His smile was lopsided when he acknowledged Will's presence.

" Hi, uh, I'm Will Graham...I'm in physics 1200 and I am just, so terribly lost right now. Can you look over my quiz with me? I have some questions about the notes, too."

" Well, Mister Graham. I'm Matthew Brown, but you can call me Matty," and then the TA *winked* at him. Had the clothes that Alana helped him pick out really scream his sexuality? " First quiz, hmm. It's tough when they're all multiple choice. What's your major, Mister Graham?"

" Oh, jeez, call me Will, please." If it was the last thing he did, Will would not address this TA as Matty. He wouldn't. " I'm studying psychology, it's my last year. But y'know, gotta have this course to get a B.S."

Matthew had caught onto the fact that Will wouldn't address him as such. His smile grew and Will looked away with a blush, adjusting his glasses and ducking to get the quiz and his notebook from his bag. " A B.S., huh? Not a lot of psych kids go that far. Good for you, Will. Are you applying to grad schools?"

Will pushed his quiz towards the man, effectively ending the conversation about his aspirations in life. It would be too easy to slip into the comfortable rhythm he'd found with another TA, two years ago. He wouldn't go about raising his grade that way again. It was difficult, but Will liked to think that he could ignore the lurid grins that Matthew was directing at him, the way their knees knocked under the table as they spoke of electromagnetism and induction. By the end of an hour, Will felt that his knowledge had expanded and this had been a smart decision. He could successfully explain magnetic flux, which he was applauded by Alana for that evening.

He returned the next week, his grade improving significantly on the quiz. Still, Will knew he could do better. He and Matthew discussed some of the harder questions found in the back of his textbook and worked out some of the complicated problems together. Once, the thin fingers brushed against his own, correcting the direction of the electric field.

It was wishful thinking, but Will knew that he could improve his grade now. He knew that he didn't need Matthew for that. Maybe they could go on a date? It was obvious that the TA was into him. This time, it wouldn't be for his grades. It was ethical, they were both consenting adults. Will could date who he damned well pleased, Matthew wasn't even his TA.

" I can't believe you're doing this again, Will!"

" Alana, I haven't had sex in like a year. I haven't been on a date in longer than that. I deserve this. I do. That's what you always tell me, right?" Alana narrowed her eyes at that, turning on her heel to pour them some shots.

It was Friday night, the weekend before the first midterm. Will's grades were holding steady at an A- now, which was acceptable for a physical science course. He had visited Matthew in

the TA room 5 times now. Each time, the touches became less subtle. Will promised himself that he would ask Matthew out if his exam went well. He could reward himself.

“ Well, I take it back. Not this guy.”

“ This isn’t an ethics or morals thing, Alana. I swear.” He took a shot with her, holding eye contact.“This TA has no control over my grade whatsoever, I just go in and he tutors me. He’s the one who keeps making all the moves. I need to get laid.”

“ You do not have my seal of approval,” she huffed, coming around the kitchen island to hug Will from behind, resting her chin on his right shoulder. “ I just worry about you, Will. I don’t want you getting hurt again…”

Her voice trailed off and so did Will’s mind. He remembered shuffling out an expensive apartment, semen leaking into his one pair of half-way decent pants. He had cried on his way home, skipped classes for almost an entire week, and Alana had to threaten to call the police before he loosened his deadbolt on Thursday night. She had held him as his body shook with the sobs he couldn’t contain. Alana hadn’t gotten the gory details, but she knew the most important things. Will had felt safe and comfortable around Hannibal. He had let his guard down and the other man thought that seizing Will’s dignity was all necessary for a business transaction.

Since that morning at Hannibal’s, Will had been wary around all potential dates and fucks. He didn’t go out, but allowed Alana or Beverly to set up blind dates for him. Occasionally, Jimmy and Brian helped as well. They were very understanding to his trauma, but not so much to treat him as an abused puppy. Will appreciated that in his housemates.

“ ...you know? If you think this is safe for you, I can get behind it. You do deserve this, Will.”

Will didn’t need to hear all her words. He turned in the hug and gave Alana a kiss on the cheek, squeezing her tight.

“ You’re the best, Al. Now let’s get plastered before Jimmy gets home from his last class. He hates catching up with us.”

“ Matty?”

Will had gotten a 91% on the midterm and he was absolutely ecstatic. With the semi-approval of his housemates, he was determined to get himself a date for this Saturday. Will was positively pleased with himself. He was aware that using the nickname that Matthew had requested would help him in his conquest.

He had known where Matthew’s office was located since the first day. The TA had offered his office hours in addition to the tutoring with another wink. For the first time, Will was using the information. He knocked lightly on the frame of the door, smiling at Matthew, who was sitting in a comfortable looking office chair.

A bright smile had appeared across Matthew's face and Will looked at his features carefully. He'd always been too nervous to make eye contact before. Matthew's skin was a creamy color and his dark eyes glinted with joy brought upon by the surprise visit. " Will? It's good to see you. Normally you don't come into my office hours, are you having more trouble?"

Matthew was trying to look concerned, but he was clearly satisfied. He had been waiting for this moment. One hand gestured to the chair opposite of his desk that was littered with papers and quantum mechanics journals. Will plopped down and easily assured the older man that he was actually very happy with how the exam had went.

When Matthew's hand gripped his forearm, index finger rubbing along the sleeve of his flannel, Will knew that he had him. " Would you go out with me this weekend, Matty? I don't have any plans Saturday night...I'm just really happy about my exam. I'd like to celebrate with somebody."

" I'll take you out for dinner." Matthew stumbled over the words, a grin plastered on his face and his hand fidgeted against Will's arm. The fact that they would go out somewhere, in public, made Will feel safe. There would be no chance for being fucked and left behind. Alana would be pleased.

Will stood, allowing Matthew's hand to drift down to his own. Their fingers intertwined momentarily and he leaned down, kissing the TA's cheek. " Come pick me up at six on Saturday, I'll e-mail you my address."

Two, sharp knocks alerted Will that it was time to stop fidgeting with his outfit. He wore dark jeans and a slate button down, with some of his nicer shoes. He'd tried to tame his hair as best he could and put in his contacts. Beverly slapped his ass on the way to the door.

When he opened the door to see Matthew, Will was overcome by a warm feeling in his stomach. He could get used to the sight of that lopsided smile, the way his white teeth glinted in the setting autumn sun. Matthew's normal t-shirts enhanced the curve of his biceps, but the wine-colored sweater rendered him extremely approachable.

" That's a really nice color on you, Matthew," Will said with a smile of his own as he stepped out of the house. He locked the door behind him and let the older man open the door to the car for him.

The restaurant was beautiful. The meal was delicious and they split dessert. All of the food was in season, the winter vegetables made for a gorgeous plate. They spoke of Matthew's dissertation and Will's excitement for graduation. He felt okay talking about his interest in criminology around Matthew. His smiles came as easily as his wine glass was refilled. Before they left, Will went to find the restroom, having to stop a waitress to find his way.

When Will walked into the restroom, his heart jumped into his throat. Hannibal was leaning against the wall, hands crossed behind his back. He looked just as Will had remembered him, with his hair slicked back and more proper clothing than the last time they had seen one another. Will wanted to cry. He wanted to run away, but his bladder was winning the battle.

He walked over to a urinal, deciding to ignore Hannibal. Will was enjoying a date with Matthew, celebrating the grade he'd earned on his physics exam. The older man had even suggested that they go to a movie afterwards. He didn't need to let this man get to him again. When he was haphazardly washing his hands, Hannibal's hand came to his spine, working its way down to his sacrum.

" You've missed me, Will. I see you've returned to your old habits, though. Has physics been hard for you?" The words came out in little puffs of breath, too close to Will's ear. Will spun, baring his teeth at Hannibal.

" I don't want to know why you're here. I don't want you to talk to me. Matty isn't my TA, he has no control over my grades. He's been nice to me. He appreciates me. Fuck off, Hannibal."

Will got out of the restroom before the large hands could come in contact with his skin again. He tried to pull the mask of calm over his face but it was obvious to Matthew that something was wrong when he sat down again. Will stated that he had a headache and apologetically declined the offer for a movie the evening.

They kissed on the stoop of the house, a street light flickering in the distance. Will's body was still in flight or fight mode, but Matthew's lips soothed the shaking from his fingers. He realized that this man might be the only medicine that would help his current ailment.

" I want you to come inside with me, Matty."

Will was extremely grateful that everyone was gone from the house. Brian, Jimmy, and Beverly were out drinking and Alana had gone home to have dinner with her parents. It was her father's birthday.

Because of his night sweats, Will's bedroom was in the basement. It was cooler than the other floors. He was glad that he'd done laundry all morning in order to pass the time. Their kisses were languid and Will was glad for it. He didn't want to rush this. There was no hurry.

Matthew laid Will upon the mattress and looked down at him with unfiltered fondness in his eyes. " Will, you are just...so beautiful. You're perfect."

One hand moved down Will's chest, unbuttoning the shirt that separated Matthew from his pale skin. As bits of his body was exposed, Will felt the skin heating, flushing. He had found it more difficult to be comfortable around potential lovers since Hannibal. How much of his body would they taint? How hard would he have to scrub later on to rid the feeling of fingertips?

When Matthew's palms pressed against his bare body, Will's heart fluttered. He wasn't nervous. Matthew adored him. He had known this for weeks. There had been no manipulation in this.

Will felt his pants being removed, boxers pulled down in tandem. He wouldn't complain about the sudden urgency in Matthew's actions, not when it led to a mouth on his half-hard

cock. The full lips moved up and down his shaft and it was moments before Will was fully engorged. He propped himself up on his elbows and the warmth of possessiveness curled at the base of his spine when Matthew looked up at him, mouth wrapped around the head of Will's cock. Will groaned and reached one hand down to grasp the short length of black hair in his hands, guiding himself down Matthew's throat.

The next few minutes were full of gasps, grunts, moans, and obscene slurping noises as Will felt himself climbing towards climax. He stilled Matthew's head with his hand and fucked up into the pliant mouth until orgasm hit. Will was panting for breath, his cheeks flushed a deep, blotchy red and mind racing as Matthew so eagerly swallowed what was offered to him.

Once Will caught his breath, he sat up and reached down to the hard bulge in Matthew's slacks, but his hand was batted away. " I don't want to rush this, Will. I've, uh, wanted this for awhile. To please you like that. It's more than enough for me. Walk me out?"

As Will continued to succeed in his physics course, he and Matthew went on three additional dates. Their pleasure had become more mutual, but the graduate student hadn't insisted on full intercourse yet. Will was grateful and Alana began to really like the man. They even invited him to one of their weekly "family" dinners.

What Will wouldn't tell anyone was the renewed appearance of Hannibal Lecter in his life. He noticed him in line at cafes, a few rows over in the library, and at the movie theater when he and Matthew walked in, hands intertwined. It wouldn't do worry to Alana and Matthew didn't know much about Will's past at all.

Will was studying in the library, curled into a ball in one of the armchairs. He had a criminology book resting on his thighs and was deeply immersed in the stories until there was the sound of the chair beside him squeaking. It was strange. The library was mostly empty, there was plenty of seats. But he could ignore it. He and Matthew had been dating for a month and a half now, and they were going to spend the night at Matthew's place tonight.

" I always did think you looked better with your glasses on, William."

His eyes snapped up from the paperback. Will felt ice dripping down his neck as he shut the book, marking his page in the process. He was trying to keep the illusion of control, but it was failing fast. Will turned in his chair to face Hannibal. " What do you want?"

" You, dear Will. Our transaction may have been a one time thing, but we both know that I marked you as my own. Matthew Brown may bring you some carnal pleasure, but he isn't what you want. I am."

Will's brow furrowed. He shook his head in denial, a frown working its way over his lips. " You're wrong, Hannibal. Matthew cares for me. He treats me really well. He is good for me."

" Listen to yourself. Sure, he is good for you. But can you say that Matthew is truly the one that you want? That I am not the one who is in your dreams at night?" Hannibal cocked his head to the side. He was smiling, and that made him even more beautiful. Will hated himself for thinking it, comparing the two men. They were both strong, but Will wished sometimes

that Matty wasn't so meticulous about his body hair. He longed to feel that deep seated post-fuck ache again. One that he'd only ever experienced under the onslaught of Hannibal's passion. When he thought of these things, Will was filled with burning shame.

" Please don't do this to me, Hannibal. You've done enough. I'm happy with Matthew. He's what I deserve."

Hannibal only smiled and stood, leaving Will with a slip of paper. It was a phone number. He knew that Will would come to him.

In the next month, Will had found himself picking fights with Matthew. The man worshiped Will--his body, his thoughts, their time together. Will felt overwhelmed with emotion by the displays that Matthew often put on for him, romantic gestures. He couldn't take it. When they fucked, it was too slow. When they spoke, it became too mundane. Matty was gorgeous, he was smart, but he wasn't what Will wanted. The more obvious that fact became, the more Will resented Hannibal for planting it in his mind.

After they had been dating for four months, Will decided that he could not keep stringing along Matthew. It was obvious that the graduate student was really starting to fall for him and Will didn't want to let him in too deep. He was happy that everyone thought he was so stable because of this relationship, but the semester was coming to a close. Will had finished his physics course. It was hard for Will to let Matthew down, but he had been an adult about it. They had kissed goodbye and Alana was filled with righteous anger at the news.

A week later, Will realized that he could not be alone. Hannibal's words never left his mind for long and he was beyond help. He would never consider confiding in Alana. When he finally called Hannibal, he felt numb.

" I want you," he whispered into his phone, tears pricking at his eyes. Will had suppressed the feelings for two years, had denied himself the thoughts of his muscled, tan body, the way he had felt when they fucked. Matty had been kind, gentle, and attentive, but he wasn't Hannibal. Will had never felt that deep, electric connection.

" I know. Come over in an hour."

Refraction

Chapter Summary

Sex, scones, and sass.

Will stood on the landing to Hannibal's apartment and felt a wave of deja vu wash over him. He wasn't eager, as he had been two years past. Instead, his stomach churned a mixture of dread, desire, and fear. Will truly did not know what to expect from this encounter.

Hannibal greeted him with a triumphant smile and they headed directly for the den. There would be no illusion of brunch. Will stared at the arm of the couch that he'd been fucked over so long ago. Heat burned beneath his cheeks. He sat on the chaise in the corner of the room, curling up into himself. The leather was supple and soft under his body. The piece of furniture was caressing Will's body in the way that he ached Hannibal to do. Hannibal gracefully landed into the chair opposite of him, lounging as if alone. It was a rare sight, seeing the man so at ease. He contemplated Will, giving him a once over.

" You're just as I remembered," his voice was hoarse, almost emotional. Will was suddenly confused. Hannibal had been stalking him for months and now was commenting on how he seemed similar to years ago? Hadn't he gotten enough of an eyeful? In their encounters, Hannibal's words were cold as ice, razor sharp and full of self control. His sudden emotion seemed very out of character. " I did miss you, Will. It did not escalate until I heard through the department that you were dating. You are aware that there aren't that many psychology majors pursuing a B.S. at the university. I suppose I was...envious of Matthew. I wanted to be the one you chose."

Hannibal smiled. It was watery and genuine. Will almost felt guilty, but then he shook his head. " If you wanted me so badly, then why the *fuck* did you send me away?! I thought that we had chemistry, Hannibal. I cared for you and you just shut me down. I was pissed, you broke my heart!" He knew his voice was rising, but couldn't bring himself to quiet down.

" You were my student, Will. I...I couldn't be with you. I was going to wait until the semester was over before we got involved physically, but you seemed so eager. I couldn't...I couldn't control myself." Will relished in the fact that he could cause the great Hannibal Lecter to lose control. That here he was, causing the man to stammer in front of him. " When I went to approach you at the end of term, your friend Alana was there. She nearly tore me to shreds. I felt horrible about what I'd done. I wouldn't hurt you again. But that Matthew Brown...he didn't know you Will. He could never know you as I do. As I will."

Will felt the familiar shiver of arousal traveling down his spine. He wanted Hannibal to know him, to relearn his body now. Hunger rose in his body. He could forgive Hannibal. Will just

needed to be shown, reminded, of what it was like when they were together. He needed to be assured that he made the right decision.

Hannibal had seen his desire and strode to where Will sat in three lengthy strides. Will looked up at him and their lips met. He pushed his tongue into Hannibal's mouth shamelessly, tasting the tea that he'd been drinking. Will stood and they stumbled back, back, down a hallway and into another room.

The older man was possessive, jealous with all of his actions. He was trying to reclaim Will. Hannibal was gentle, but firm when he pushed Will back against the wall. In taking off Will's shirt, it was obvious that only a thin veil of self control was preventing Hannibal from tearing the fabric in two. Will helped as well, shucking off his shoes, pants, boxers, and nimble fingers undoing all the buttons along Hannibal's torso. By the time that they had stumbled back to the mattress, the only clothing left was Hannibal's paisley silk tie and his boxers.

Will felt relief that they would both be naked in this scenario. He felt that they were equals.

Apparently, Hannibal felt otherwise. " I watched you, Will. I saw you with him." Hannibal was securing Will's wrists together with the tie, his bonds gentle but secure. The voice growled into his ear and Will could feel the graze of Hannibal's teeth against his lobe. " You are the only person that makes me lose control. I was going to approach you that Saturday, your first date with Matthew, but you were leaving with him. I followed you to the restaurant." His hands were pressing firmly along every inch of Will's skin, turning him. Hannibal was looking for marks. " You were so comfortable with him. I wanted you to be happy. But I wanted you to be happy with me."

Their lips connected again, rougher than before. Will whined against the lips, his left leg wrapping around Hannibal's waist. If he couldn't hold the older man with his arms, he would find another way. " But Matthew had me. He had me for four months, Hannibal. Did you watch us fuck? Did you see it when he had me moaning and screaming for more? When he held me afterwards? Were you jealous then, Hannibal? How badly did you want to fuck me afterwards?"

Will was purposefully prodding Hannibal when he was angry, trying to get a rise out of him. He wanted to feel the man's passion. Will wanted to be reclaimed. It was thrilling, to be the object of someone's intense desire, the object of Hannibal's lust. In response, Hannibal's nails dug into the skin they were roaming over, one in his left side and the other upon his right thigh. Another growl escaped from his thin lips.

" I am going to fuck you until you forget that moron's name, William. You won't remember anything except for how good I make you feel." Hannibal's teeth sunk into Will's clavicle and the noise that escaped from his lips was a high, feminine sound. There was blood on Hannibal's lips when Will glanced down. He swore at the sight.

Hannibal's lips traveled lower, licking and kissing at Will's stomach, his hip bones, skipping over his half-hard cock to move down each leg. These actions were not so cruel as Hannibal's words. They were almost loving. Will was reminded of how Matty used to look at him with large, adoring eyes. When Hannibal came back up Will's body, he sucked and bit at Will's

inner thighs. The thin skin broke and bruised easily. “ You won’t be taken from me again. I will make you mine, Will Graham.”

The tip of Will’s cock was purple and red with the excess pressure, pre-cum leaking onto his stomach. Will was whining, his hips raising as he felt the ghost of Hannibal’s breath on his sensitive skin. Finally, those lips wrapped themselves around the skin most filled with blood. They inched over purple, red, and tan skin before Hannibal’s nose was buried in Will’s coarse curls. Momentarily, Will let his mind go black.

Hannibal’s hands were now gripping the curve of his hips tightly, preventing Will from moving into the wet, warm mouth. He whined, wishing his hands were free to grip in Hannibal’s hair. “ Fuck, Hannibal.” His cock was buried into the other man’s throat. He could feel Hannibal swallow around his length, refusing to move. The tip of his tongue trailed slowly along his sensitive underside. “ Hannibal, fucking suck my cock. God, please. Please, I need you,” he cried, attempting to thrust against Hannibal’s unyielding grip.

Instead of doing as Will begged, Hannibal pulled off completely. His lips were glistening with saliva and Will was struck by how handsome he was. “ Language, Will,” Hannibal purred with a smile. He stood and shucked off his boxer-briefs before lying down beside Will. Strong hands gripped at Will’s hips and pulled him to straddle Hannibal. The heat of their naked bodies pressed together was pleasant, but all sensations were overwhelming at this point. Hannibal’s erection was sliding in between his cheeks, teasing.

“ Hannibal, please, just put it in me, please.” Will was panting, wrapping his arms around Hannibal’s neck. His bound wrists laid against the back of the other man’s neck. Hannibal’s hands were gripping the flesh of his ass, spreading his cheeks. It made the movement of Hannibal’s cock more lewd. One of the hands left for a minute or two and there was a press of a slick finger to his hole. Will hadn’t been paying attention, he was lost in grinding down against Hannibal’s erection. He needed to feel it in him, to be full once more.

“ Will, I need to stretch you. I don’t want this to hurt, love.” Hannibal looked extremely pleased with himself as Will looked down at him. He had two fingers deep inside of Will now, brushing against his prostate and causing Will to shove his body down against Hannibal’s palm. Two wasn’t enough. When that became three, it wasn’t what he wanted. As the fingers scissored and rubbed against Will’s walls, he ached for more. Something huge, throbbing, and hot.

“ More,” he croaked, raising himself up off the fingers and slamming back down. “ Need you. Please, please, Hannibal.” Will was aware that he probably sounded like a broken record. His lust-fogged brain couldn’t come up with many other words to beg with that weren’t expletives. As much as Will loved having his ass smacked, now wasn’t the time to piss off Hannibal anymore.

Hannibal’s fingers left and Will’s eyes went wide with fear. He was about to beg harder, but the slicked head of the other man’s cock was brushing against his gaping hole, catching the rim. He pressed in, and then pulled out for a second just to hear Will’s cries. Inch by inch, Hannibal would lift and lower the smaller man’s body, never fully sheathing himself inside of Will’s body. Will was whimpering, his lower lip trembling as he frantically kissed at Hannibal’s face and neck. He felt like a wanton whore, but couldn’t help it. It felt like

Hannibal had torturing him for hours now. His cock hadn't even been touched since the man's mouth left his skin.

When Hannibal's arms finally relaxed, allowing Will's body to settle upon Hannibal's pelvis, he breathed out relief. The hands moved to his nipples now, pinching and causing them to harden under the deft fingers. " I want you to fuck yourself on my cock, Will. Show me what you want from me."

Will rode Hannibal eagerly, moaning with gusto every time the man's cock hit his prostate. His head was thrown back, eyes hooded, and skin glistening with sweat. As Will's energy began to putter out, Hannibal started to thrust up in time. Again, hands were spreading his cheeks and Will only wanted them on his weeping erection, noticing the string of precum that hung down onto Hannibal's navel.

" Please touch me, Hannibal. I want you to make me cum. I want you to do it. Only you." Teeth glinted at Will, one of the hands wrapped around his member, stroking him firmly.

Will was brought to the edge five different times. He was shaking, sweating. His hair was plastered to his forehead and the convulsions of his body helped bring Hannibal to his climax. The warmth pooled inside of Will's body, a feeling that had him almost cumming for the third time, but he was pulled back down. Hannibal didn't thrust or pull out, keeping his semen plugged inside of Will's body as he watched the young male break before him.

The sixth time, Will had tears rolling down his cheeks. His balls ached and his rim was over sensitive. Every small jolt of his hips made Hannibal's flaccid cock brush against his prostate.

" Please, please, Han…," he panted as the orgasm came close to him once more. " Let me, please."

" Then cum for me, William."

And Will did, like a flipped switch. He spilled onto the man's stomach, his chest. He spurted five times and promptly blacked out.

When Will woke, his muscles felt extremely weak. His limbs were rubber. It was dark outside, no light was filtering through the curtains on the far side of the room. Most of the shapes were blobs, Will didn't remember where his glasses had been placed in the heat of the moment. Instinctively, his hand shot out for the nightstand and found the cheap plastic of his frames. Hannibal had left them within reach.

Will sat up, placing his glasses upon his nose. He examined his body, looking for marks. There were hickeys upon his neck, clavicle, and his inner thighs. Will couldn't remember how he'd gotten all of them. A smile crept upon his face when Will realized that he'd been bathed, or at least thoroughly cleaned. There was no embarrassing leakage of semen down his thighs, the sweat had been washed from his hair and skin. Hannibal had been sincere.

" You're awake."

Hannibal was resting in an armchair in the corner of the room, the one place that Will hadn't glanced at yet. There was a hardback novel closed upon his thighs. The next thing Will noticed was the plate of food on the end table beside the man. Scones.

" You baked me scones. Hannibal. You baked me fucking scones." Will went to leap up from his spot on the California King sized-bed, but his wobbly legs failed him. Hannibal was moving towards him with plate in hand, a smile on his face. " Language, Will."

Will didn't have anything else to say, because he was stuffing his face with pastry. He was ravenous, and these were apple cinnamon. His favorite.

Maroon eyes were gazing fondly at Will, a smile quirked at his lips before he placed a bite of scone into his mouth. Hannibal, of course, was eating with knife and fork. " Well, I'm glad that you enjoy breakfast food in the evening. It's my secret vice."

" You're good to me," Will whispered, placing his half-eaten scone down. " I didn't think you were. Alana thought you were Satan re-incarnated. But, Hannibal, you cleaned me off...you let me sleep, you *made me fucking scones*. I was wrong about you, for two years." He was suddenly sad at the realization. " I knew you for four months, every Wednesday morning I knew you. But that morning, it wasn't you. I'm sorry I couldn't see that, Hannibal. That I couldn't see you."

For the second time in a day, Hannibal's eyes were glazed with unshed tears. " Thank you, Will. I was prepared to have this take much longer, but I picked up on the ratio of apple cinnamon to all of the other flavors you ate." The older man leaned over in the bed, kissing Will's forehead. " Also, I would normally be disgusted by the thought of breakfast in bed, but you make it exceptionally adorable."

Will knew that this wouldn't be as easy to convince Alana of, nor any of his other housemates. It would be difficult for him to reconcile the thoughts that he'd ingrained his brain for two years. However, it was worth the effort. Will's body felt relaxed in a way that he hadn't felt since the ease of childhood. Hannibal had given this to him, had made them equals and then allowed him to fall apart in a controlled environment.

Being with Hannibal would bring the same stability that Matthew had. With this evening, Will knew that the other man's affection was genuine. He wanted to have Hannibal telling him to not be so crass, eating scones together, maybe even have the older man teach him how to bake them. As Will ate, he realized that there were many possibilities that he had never explored with Hannibal--he hadn't ever given himself the chance to think about them.

" Well, I hope that I can continue to drop crumbs in your extremely comfortable bed for a long time, Hannibal."

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